

# COURTSHIP OF THE WEALTHY

## THEY COURTED WHILE ON A RAILROAD JOURNEY

Miss Vanderbilt and Mr. Whitney Talked Love  
While Their Parents Planned.

## SOME DAY WILL CONTROL FIFTY GREAT ROADS

Match Forces Elders to Unite Interests and Place New  
Planks in Their Political Platforms—Each House Suc-  
ceeds to the Control of the Enormous Family Estates,  
Which Have Become Famous.

(Copyright, 1896.)  
Tuesday, August 25, Mr. William C. Whitney puts a new plank in his political platform. On that day he to a certain extent repudiates pure Democracy and acknowledges that there is much good in Republicanism.  
On that same day Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt revamps his political principles, and goes over to the Democrats. A grand combination union party, secret perhaps in its principles, but very harmonious, will be formed, and along its polished walk these two great financiers will step hand in hand happily together.

On the 25th of August Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt weds Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, son of his father and his particular pride and hope. The union of these two young people, so dear to the respective hearts of their parents, forces a union where there has hitherto been avoidance. This union will be as resultful in importance as that of any prince and princess brought together by foreign powers.

**THE COURTSHIP.**  
The courtship of these two young people has been conducted in a way peculiarly leading up to their contra-political union. When Miss Vanderbilt was a young girl she was taken across country in her father's private car. At a far-distant point W. C. Whitney joined the Vanderbilts. With him was his son. The object of the visit was an adjustment of certain railroad interests that closed. While the two men, Whitney and Vanderbilt, were settling the railroad matter the young people were falling in love. It began as long ago as that.

Years after Mr. Whitney bought the estate opposite Mr. Vanderbilt's house on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, and the children were neighbors. From that time on it was a steady courtship. They have only waited for the parental "Yes."

Mr. Whitney, as his fortune increased, gradually got deeper and deeper into railroads. Now he controls six. Mr. Vanderbilt is director of forty-five. They are in Toledo, New Jersey, Chicago, New York and Omaha, in cities remote and cities near. But in all the deals of later years never have the rival interests clashed. Whitney, ambitious and reaching out, has met with little opposition from the Vanderbilts.

If an actual estimate of importance could be made between the marriage of the Vanderbilt girl a year ago and this marriage, it would be found that the fuss and feathers clustered around the first, but in this there lies a deep political and business significance that will be felt for a generation to come.

**THE TWO MARRIAGES.**  
With the other Vanderbilt girl we have the privilege of sending tribute to a foreign country month after month to maintain a beautiful American girl in style there. Our portion is to admire! With this marriage there may be the same pouring of popular money into the money bags, but here it comes back directly and we can admire at closer range. To be sure, with the other there is the undeniably useful tightening of the bonds between a foreign power and our own. But with this one there is a closer union of domestic forces that cannot but result in the branching out and the expenditure of brains and money.

The amount of fortune which this young couple will have cannot be estimated in dollars and in business interests. That it will be the largest sum ever brought within the personal control of two young people can be stated at once. When Cornelius Vanderbilt was born in 1843 his father had kept a modest fortune that the boy was put to work in a bank on a clerkage "to earn his living." His grandfather, the old commodore, a rich man with plenty of children, looked on quietly while his favorite grandson worked day and night over the ledgers, and the stain of ink was on his hands.

When the commodore died Cornelius was thirty-four years old, a tired man, who loomed middle-aged from overwork. His portion in the commodore's will was \$10,000,000. When his father died, a few years later, there was a portion of \$12,000,000 for young Cornelius. With this he began the great financial operations that have yielded the \$180,000,000 which he now has.

The saying, "It is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," kept the old commodore awake the first night he heard it. He recorded a vow that it should not be so in his family. When near his death he made his son William promise that the bulk of his fortune should be given to his eldest son, and William in turn exacted the same promise from his son Cornelius. In this way the family fortune was kept intact, where an equal division would split it into ribbons too slender to bear financial weight. Cornelius has managed for all the family.

But all roads turn, and this is to be violated in the present generation. The eldest son of the house of Vanderbilt died at Yale four years ago—a noble young fellow, whose purse supplied the money for many a needy boy; a young man so democratic and sympathetic that he could not bear to keep a pony because so many of the boys had to go without such a luxury. The envious remark of a fellow-student made the lad send his pony home to stay.

**"CORNELIUS" FATED.**  
The next son is Cornelius, the young man now cut off from his family by what is to them an unseemly marriage. It is said that his father had a superstition about the name of Cornelius. A brother named Cornelius once went the way of the dogs, and this lad, though fine of habits, is sickly and unfortunate. Next comes Gertrude. It is now nearly certain that the fortune will be given to her to manage for the family, and that she will get the \$30,000,000 portion that belongs to the manager.

The Whitney fortune is represented in active business interests. If the truth were known there are Western interests paying

tribute as lucrative as Eastern ones, and a great Ohio fortune hangs round this young man from the name he bears and the promises that were made his mother when he was born.

And how will this couple expend this wealth? Will it pour down upon those who might profit by it, or will it only leak upon the multitude from the rental of safe deposit vaults for hoarding?

The tastes of both are for expenditure. The young man after graduating at Yale, took a Columbia College course. He will manage the law interests of the railroads that net the whole country. His recreations are shooting in the Rockies, playing polo on Long Island and sailing off Newport. He does not like Europe. Neither does his bride.

This young woman is actively interested

room with yellow roses and blackbirds in flight.

The wedding is set down for Newport. The bride couple will pass out through the famous iron gates that were two years being wrought and which took 100 men to transport and set them in place at the

But their instincts are so genial and their interests so binding that they will inside the honeymoon begin to walk the path of "noblesse oblige" to which their millions pledge them.

**ST. HELENA FALLING TO DECAY.**  
Napoleon Bonaparte's Prison Island Neglected and Barren.

Philadelphia Record.  
Napoleon effectually prevented St. Helena from ever sinking into obscurity. Nevertheless, for some years past the island has been getting deeper and deeper into financial straits, while the population has been steadily diminishing. St. Helena is only some 1,600 miles distant from Cape Town, and yet the island is comparatively unknown to South African colonists, as the outward and homeward steamers to and from Cape Town only call there once in three weeks and make a brief stoppage.

And yet this historic island is well worthy a visit, not only from its association with the great Corsican, but also because it possesses probably the finest climate in the world. A constant southeasterly tradewind straight from the pole, blows over the island, and sweeps away those germs of disease which lie latent in less favored spots. As a consequence the longevity of the inhabitants is probably much greater than in any other portion of the globe. In spite of all this, and the proximity of the island to the cape, hardly a solitary African finds his way there from one year's end to the other.

So much in retrospect St. Helena as a health resort. Now let me briefly refer to a matter that is more vital importance. The strategic advantages of the island have been fully recognized by both naval and military experts, and the royal commission, which was provided over by the late Lord Carnarvon, recommended that it should be strongly fortified and constituted an important naval and coaling station for the vessels of the squadron within the cape command. These recommendations have been completely ignored.

Certainly something was done to improve the fortifications ten or twelve years ago, but the guns are now of an obsolete type and the defensive garrison maintained in the island is utterly inadequate to defend it. Moreover, though St. Helena is supposed to be a naval coaling station, the admiralty maintained no coal supply there, the coal for the ships on the cape and west coast of Africa stations being kept at Ascension, which does not possess even a solitary gun, but is a cinder heap upon which many thousands are annually expended.

The defenseless condition of St. Helena is a matter that intimately concerns the South African colonies, and should engage their attention. The island is utterly unable to help itself. The opening of the Suez canal ruined its prosperity, and ever since it has been drifting nearer and nearer to bankruptcy. The greater portion of its adult male population has migrated to the cape, and the whole revenue of the island is now only some £6,000. There are only half a dozen officials, and the governor fills innumerable other offices, including that of chief (and only) justice. It is deplorable that Great Britain should allow one of its possessions to sink into such a condition of decrepitude, and especially as the cape, must ever be of considerable importance.

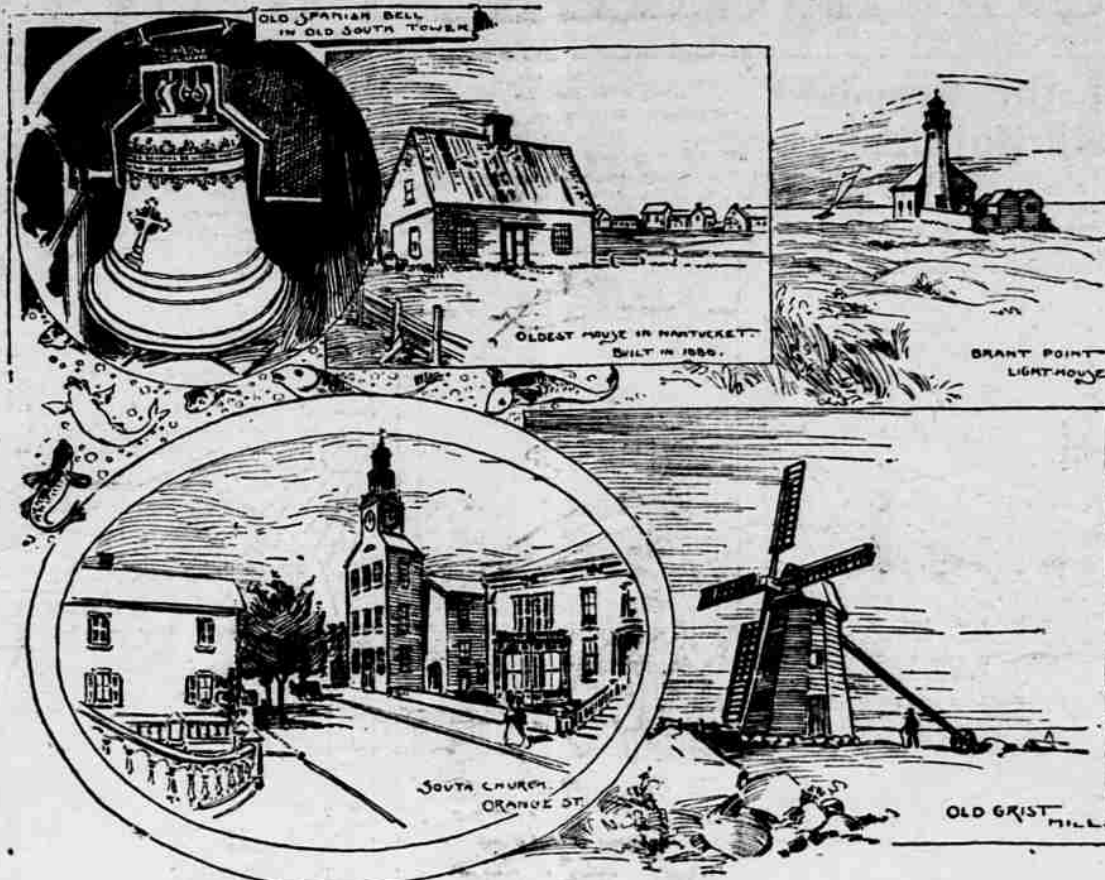
Teacher—What is philosophy, John Henry?  
John Henry—Philosophy is taking the air out of an air pump to see whether there's any in it or not.—Ex.

Breakers. These gates will be a mass of foliage, and when the bridal party depart through them they will literally step out into a bowered world.  
Should this young couple turn from their sworn allegiance to home and, carried away by foreign possibilities, spend their time and their money far from home, the disappointment in them would be great.

**HER TROUSSEAU.**  
The trousseau of this girl has been very carefully and elaborately made. Most of it has been done in this country. It abounds in the fads of the day, for this is not a couple whose wedding clothes must last for years. A new hat this winter will not be an impossibility with young Mrs. Whitney. Her outing dresses are the prettiest of the trousseau. These are numerous and are planned for every known game, for the young people are yet in full enjoyment of games. Mr. Whitney is twenty-four years old and Miss Vanderbilt about a year younger. Neither have been "out" enough yet to be sated with the good times of the world, and neither have digestions spoiled from dinners.

The rooms of the bride will be in the old corner of her father's town house. They are furnished with white enamel and blue, without a speck of gilt. The distinguished mark of beauty of these rooms is that the mirrors are oval and set flat into the walls. They are framed with a fresco of vines and flowers.

For their entertainment there will be three ballrooms from which to choose. The ballroom in the town house is an immense gold room, opening into the conservatory on one side and the dining-room on the other. At the Breakers it is a wing reaching out into the magnificent grounds. It is gold. In the Whitney house the ballroom occupies the upper floor, and the grand staircase leads into it. It is arched and fitted with electric lights. Ball nights the elder Mr. Whitney always led the



Landmarks of Quaint Nantucket

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**AIDS THE UMPIRE GREATLY.**

Electricity in the Folds Will Tell Him When a Touch Is Made.

New York Herald.

An invention has just been tried in London which is said to do away altogether with the difficulty constantly experienced by an umpire in judging hits between two equally matched competitors at fencing. This end, it is declared, has been achieved by covering the front of each jacket with fine copper or brass wire gauze, and connecting this with the adversary's foil and an electric bell (of the burglar alarm pattern) and battery in the same circuit. It follows that when a hit is made the circuit is closed and the bell rings and continues to ring until stopped by the person in charge.

A special arrangement in each foil handle provides that only a direct point produces a ring. Two entirely electrically distinct circuits are used, each including a bell, foil and jacket; flicks or blows or grazes produce no result. The bells being of different tones and moreover placed on opposite sides of the room, there is no difficulty in deciding who has scored a hit, or in case of almost simultaneous hits, who delivered the point first. By a simple arrangement the wires passing from the batteries to the combatants' collars are kept well out of the way, however sudden may be the movements of advance or retreat.

In the London trial six selected amateurs competed for a pair of foils, and five bouts were fought. The experiments were completely successful. A military expert, Capt. Devon, who was present, said that the device would be of great value at such competitions as the royal military

tournament, for the best judges sometimes made mistakes, while the electrical current could not err.

**For the Traveler.**  
Leather dress bags, with silver mounted furnishings, show fresh improvement and useful additions that appeal to travelers.

hand bag—how hail at the Na—han—Na—han—tucket rink tonight," he is saying that there is to be a grand ball at the Nantucket rink that evening, but to the uninitiated his talk is unintelligible.

Nantucket's railroad between the town of Nantucket and Siasconnet, or "Sconet," is inland vermacular, runs through a wild moorland, which suggests Scotch scenery;

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney.  
From a Recent Photograph.

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## WHERE CURFEW STILL RINGS OUT ITS LESSON

Old Customs, Elsewhere Long Ago Forgotten,  
Survive in Quaint Nantucket.

## THERE IS A TOWN CRIER WHO STUTTERS

Perambulates the Streets with a Horn and Stammers Forth  
the News—Rut Roads and Queer Little Hamlets Thread  
the Sea-girt Patch of Ground—The Old Aristocracy Is  
Interesting.

(Copyright, 1896.)

Nantucket, Aug. 18.—This island is radically unlike any other summer resort in the United States. The natives are an exclusive class of people, who recognize no "older families" than their own. The true Nantucketers will have nothing to do with the summer vandals who do not respect the customs which have been the law of the land since times colonial. It matters not to the "vandal" that the curfew rings each night at nine o'clock to warn the wayfarer indoors and to his bed, but the natives fly to their homes on the first stroke of the bell, and at five minutes past nine the streets are left in the possession of the interloper.

At 7 a. m. the curfew bell rouses them from slumber, for those Nantucketers like to sleep and there is nothing else to do. About a month ago something happened to this bell, and for the first time in fifty years it failed to ring, but the damage has been since repaired. At noon the bell rings again and then occurs the event of the day. It is the continuation of an old custom which most people imagine has been entirely out of use, but it is kept up in Nantucket as religiously as the ringing of the curfew.

The event of interest each day is the approach of the town crier.

Nowhere else in the United States is there such a personage in existence. But Nantucket's herald is unique, even apart from the fact that he is the only one in America. If there is one thing in the world which the present incumbent ought not to be it is a town crier.

To begin with he cannot read, and before he can proclaim the news to others he must first have it read to himself. In some mysterious way he manages to deliver the mail to cottagers without making more than two or three mistakes a season, notwithstanding the fact that the addresses on the envelopes have no meaning for him. But this neglect in his early education is not the only difficulty which poor Billy Clark has to fight.

Speech is another of his bugbears. He articulates with the greatest difficulty, for he stutters—not that "b-b-b-b-b" stutter of the common stammerer, but a queer hesitation in the middle of a syllable which is peculiar to Billy. After one has become accustomed to his style, one learns that when he announces a "Gra-

Nantucket proper, the country seat of the island, is the relic of what was once a whaling city. In the forties it was a town of 10,000 inhabitants. The houses are all built with reference to the whaling industry and were once owned by sea captains, scores of whom sailed on the waters of every port to return. But at the top of every roof is a platform where many a captain's wife has strained her eyes in vain for a sight of her husband's returning ship; and in the tower of the "Old South Church" is a window where the colors of the ship were placed when a returning whaler was sighted.

This old church contains a Spanish bell which was brought over in 1812. It is now used as a zong for the tower clock, but it once heralded the approach of every incoming ship. All over the town are reminders of the whaling trade, which has been so effectively crushed by the advent of kerosene, gas and electricity. Immense whales' bones, twelve to fifteen feet long are set up as gate posts at the entrance to an old whaler's residence, and queer carved figures brought from every clime ornament the lawns and porches. In the old days there were often as many as 110 whaling ships in Nantucket harbor, but now their places are occupied by the pigmy catboats and dories which are kept for the captain's benefit of the summer visitor, with two or three steam yachts whose owners come here for the fine fishing on the shoals known as "The Rips." Now there are sometimes as many as three passenger steamboats lying at the dock, but late in October, when Eastman Johnson, the painter, has left his beautiful cottage on the hill, and a few other notables have taken their parture there will be but two boats a week.

In the winter when the harbor freezes up, natives often wait weeks for their mail, but the true Nantucketer, in this state of affairs, for he feels that he is monarch of all he surveys only so long as he can keep interlopers away from the island.

So well do they succeed in keeping apart from the rest of the world, and so conservative are their habits, that they very little use for the little wooden jail which is situated in the middle of a sheep field. It is shingled down the sides like the rest of the houses, and is such a ramshackle affair that there is a story told of a drunken sailor or peasant there who sent word to the authorities that "if they didn't keep the sheep out of his cell he would not stay in jail."

One of the most prominent landmarks on the island is the old windmill, built in 1740, of the oak which then covered the island. It is as strong now as the day it was built, but it was used to grind corn and now there is not enough native corn raised to pay for all the grinding. Visitors go up to the top and write their names on the register and that is all it is used for now.

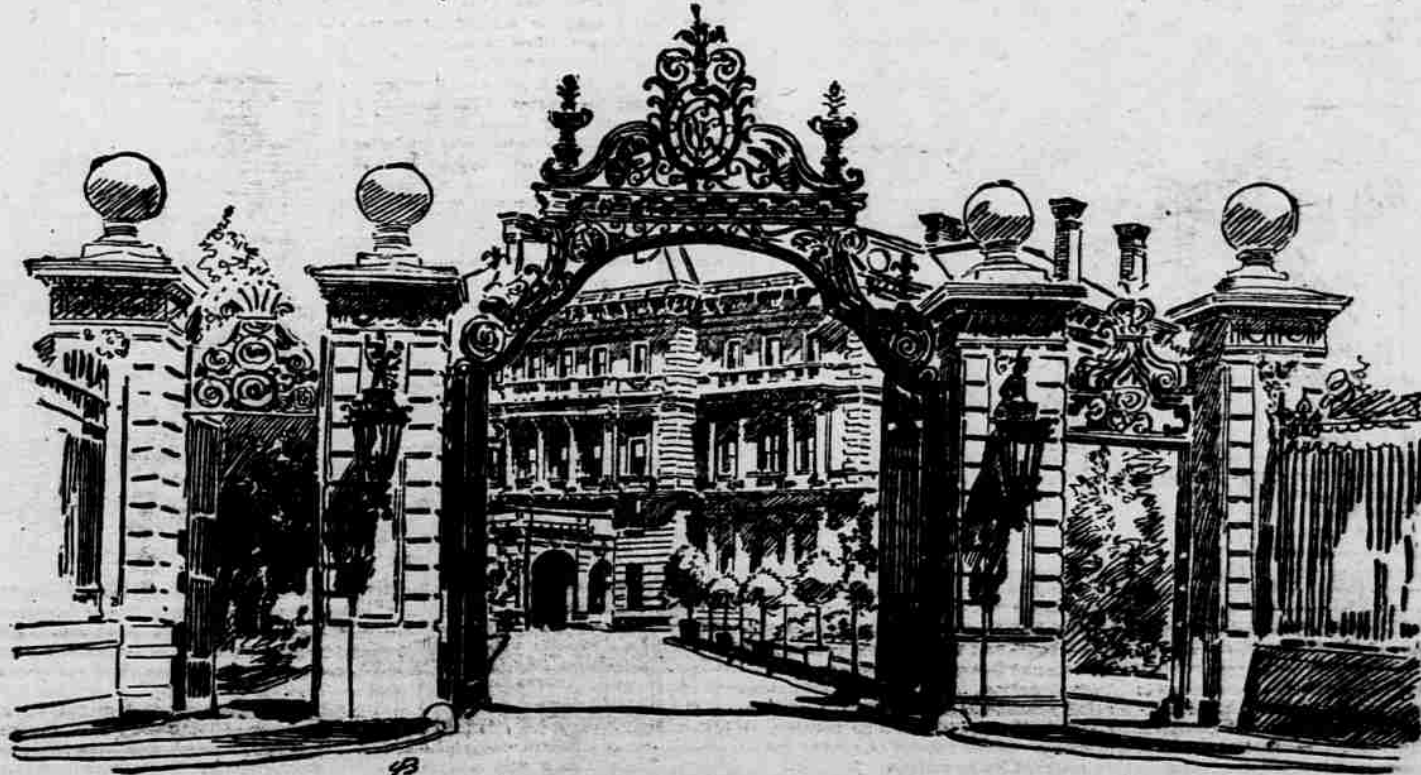
An old house, built in 1686, is still standing, but there are holes in the roof, and no one lives there.

On a monument in the center of the town are carved the names of seventy-five Nantucketers who fell in the late war, a number which in proportion to the population shows that if Nantucket is exclusive she is not lacking in patriotism.

On Brant Point, a little tongue of land that reaches out into the ocean and helps form Nantucket Harbor, is the oldest lighthouse site in the United States, and at Sankaty Head is another lighthouse that is one of the highest on the Atlantic coast, sending its rays forty miles out to sea.

People who come here amuse themselves by sailing, bathing and fishing, and driving over the moors to the queer little hamlets, nearly all of which have names ending in a syllable that rhymes with net—na, for instance, Wauwinet, Quilnet, "Sconet," etc.

ANNIE LAURIE WOODS.



The Famous Bridal Gates Through Which the Bridal Procession Will Pass on Tuesday.